THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
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THE QUESTION.

I saw the Son of God go by
Crowned with the crown of Thorn,
'Was it not finished, Lord?' I said,
'And all the anguish borne?'

He turned on me His awful eyes:
'Hast thou not understood?
Lo! every soul is Calvary,
And every Sin a Rood.'

—Rachael Armand Taylor.

THE PACIFIC

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COLONEL ROOSEVELT ADVANCING,

In his address at the Republican State convention in Maine, Colonel Roosevelt made use of an expression which we do not believe he had ever before used in a public address; or, indeed, anywhere. Speaking concerning our present industrial and social systems, he used the familiar expression, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," in this manner:

"We canont afford any longer to continue our present industrial and social system, or rather no system of every-man-for-himself and devil-take-the-hindmost. It is our business as a nation seriously to face our industrial conditions, to realize that we cannot without folly permit them to go on unchanged, and yet that we are worse than fools if we permit them to be changed for evil. Therefore we must shun equally the bourbon reactionaries who invite disaster by refusing to face and grapple with the needs of the hour, and the sinister demagogues and loose-minded visionaries who preach a red folly that would bring us to even worse disaster.

"The great Russian commonwealth offers a lamentable example of the effect of vibrating between the tyranny of an autocracy and the tyranny of a mob. The autocracy of the Romanoffs united extreme incapacity with complete despotism. It was overthrown. After seething tumult the bolsheviki came to the fore. The bolsheviki have no more to teach America than the Romanoffs themselves. If we are wise we shall not permit ourselves to be withheld from a forward movement by the Romanoffs of our own social and industrial system and neither shall we permit ourselves to be plunged if we followed the American bolsheviki."

We are aware, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt has for some years taken, on industrial and social questions, a position considerably in advance of that of many other public men and men engaged in great business enterprises.

To Colonel Roosevelt, as well as to all other human beings, and all beings who desire to be humane, this awful world war has brought some lessons—lessons that many have already learned, at least in part. We do not believe that Colonel Roosevelt, nor any of us, has as yet learned all that must be learned speedily if humanity is to be saved from experiences yet more terrible than those of the last three and a half years.

At the time when Colonel Roosevelt gave that splendid series of addresses on the Earl Foundation in the Pacific School of Religion—addresses on "Realizable Ideals," he remarked as to Woman Suffrage that he was "tepid" concerning it. Women in different parts of the country, who were working ardently and indomitably for it against heavy odds in many of the states, had been endeavoring for some time to get Mr. Roosevelt's help, but without avail. He was merely "tepid"—to use his own word. Well, the time came when he was "tepid" no longer—when he endorsed the movement, taking the position that woman suffrage was something that ought to be. New light came to him; he got the vision.

We fear that Mr. Rosevelt has not yet got the vision of what industrial and social systems are to be at no very far distant time in the future. But it is evident that he is fairly well along on the way to it; and probably in due time will attain as he did with respect to woman suffrage.

We have no doubt that the time will come when he will revise the statement that the bolsheviki of Russia have no more to teach America than the Romanoffs have. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, one of the few truly great editors of our country, a man who is devoting his life to the study of the questions relating to human welfare and to the diffusion among the people of correct information thereon, expressed in one of his addresses at the Semi-Centenary of the University of California the judgment that the hope for world democracy rested in the bolsheviki in Russia, and the attitude of President Wilson, with respect to the government now administered by them, was heartily endorsed.

What the bolsheviki will do in the future, what they will accomplish, no one can tell. They may do that which will call for nothing but condemnation.

But our studies so far have led us to but one conclusion: that failure to understand the Russian Revolution and mistakes in Allied diplomacy led to the fall of the Kerensky government and the rise of the Bolsheviki. This failure to understand led on to other mistakes and finally, so far as can be judged now, to the practical loss of Russia to the Allies for the duration of the war.

In what we have quoted from Colonel Roosevelt's address at Portland, Maine, there is mention of a class which he calls "the American Bolsheviki." Most emphatically does The Pacific declare with him that if we are wise we shall not permit ourselevs to be plunged by them "into the abyss of fathomless disaster." But we shall permit them to plunge us into that abyss if we fail to understand them, if we fail to ascertain and remove that which causes them.

We wonder to what extent the white light of human solidarity has shone as a halo about Colonel Roosevelt, what his vision today actually is, and what will be done by him in the near future in that valiant effort which must be made to keep our country out of "the abyss of fathomless disaster."

When in his Portland speech Mr. Roosevelt spoke of "demagogues and loose-minded visionaries," we wonder just what kind of persons he had in mind. If he was thinking of anarchists, bomb-throwing law-breakers and that ilk, we are with him in trying to keep them from directing the affairs of our beloved country. If he meant the persons often referred to as "visionaries" or as "dreamers," we shall call for some discrimination and differentiation. To the people generally of his day and generation, Jesus of Nazareth was a dreamer and visionary. He was spoken of as such. But today his name is above every other name; and more generally and more clearly today than ever before are men coming to realize that only in his teachings and principles is there to be found any hope for the world. In the thunder and lightning of this world war new light seems to be breaking forth from the Word—or, at least, it

is coming to some men and women for the first time.

Coningsby Dawson, a young Canadian of fine spirit before he went to the front in France, of finer spirit now because of the lessons learned over there, has written of his exceeding great joy—a joy far surpassing any theretofore experienced by him—"because at last" he is doing a work" in which there is no taint of selfishness."

Longtime, doubtless, Colonel Roosevelt and thousands of our people, will have a feeling of disappointment because President Wilson would not permit him to lend valiant aid on the far-flung battle lines in France. But battle lines are drawn here at home, and unless the war should go on so long that much in our industrial and social system will be wholly changed or sink into almost utter chaos, there are bound to be terrible struggles before anything again shall be established.

If Colonel Roosevelt will fling himself with his accustomed energy into the coming battle and be a leader in securing the thorough impartation of the principles of Jesus to industry he will crown his life with enduring glory. It is idle and vain to argue that business can go on in the future as it long time has gone on. At the best there is too much selfishness in it. This awful war is teaching selflessness.

It is to be hoped that Colonel Roosevelt realizes this, and will not be "tepid" in responding to God's loud call now that mankind move with rapid strides on toward it.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR. PRESENTS A PICTURE.

In an address on "The Christian Church—What of its Future?" given a few weeks ago by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., there was reference to some of the failures charged up to the Church, and it was said:

"Another picture is presented before our eyes. In it we see millions of men and women who are exemplifying in their daily lives, in the most commonplace fashion, characteristics and qualities which command the admiration of the world.

"First of all is a spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfishness. Whether it be on the battlefield or behind the lines, in the pestilence-ridden district or among the starving villagers, the thought is never of self, but always of the other man or woman.

"We see charity exhibited, brotherly love, as it has never been manifested before. Whenever and wherever human need appears, the last crust is cheerfully shared, the last garment is gladly given to a more needy one.

"And we see beautiful and countless examples of humility. Who will forget the story of the titled Belgian women? The man in charge of a food distribution depot in a certain Belgian city needed a number of women to work in the depot, scrubbing the floors, washing the dishes, and serving the food. He could find none to perform these menial tasks. He was directed to the house of a noble Belgian woman, but it seemed useless to apply there. However, he was told to do so, and as he entered he found gathered a group of titled women, working diligently, industriously for their fellow countrymen. He was asked to state his errand. And from that group there volunteered the necessary number of women to go to the food depot daily, scrub floors, wash dishes and do the other menial work required.

"This same quality is exhibited as we see the son of the nobleman bivouacing with the son of the peasant and each finding that under the coat of the other beats an honest and manly heart. The real gentleman or gentlewoman in this great host is he or she who serves best and who serves most.

"And again, the characteristic of generosity is manifested to a marvelous degree. Many people of means have long since been giving their entire income and in addition cutting deep into their principal. Those having moderate possessions are making great sacrifices to meet the demands made upon them. And the poor, always most generous, are giving their all."

That is fine! Every word of it! But there was a flaw in Mr. Rockefeller's address. He drifted off to a criticism of some things which he regards as narrow and wrong among his own people—the Baptists—such as insistence on immersion, etc., and failed to make it evident that the spirit set forth in what we have quoted must be carried over from the war into all life and enterprise everywhere if mankind is not to go to the scrap heap. Can Mr. Rockefeller say that men in general have lived and worked as we have it in this picture?

God forbid that men should ever after this war get back to the old scramble!

All the lessons of the war will be lost if they do.

Mr. Rockefeller likes that picture of unselfishness, of selflessness. We feel confident that in the new light of this world cataclysm he and many others are going to labor ardently to put that spirit into all the activities of life.

It must come! It was so ordered in the eternal counsels of Godhead! They are blind who do not realize it.

A NEW YORK MINISTER'S INTERPRETATION OF THE PASSAGE OF SCRIPTURE ABOUT TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.

"The Cross and Christian Living" is the caption of an article by the Rev. Richard Roberts of the Church of the Pilgrims, New York City, in the North American Student for April. Concerning reconciliation he says: "In the New Testament account of reconciliation, the will to forgive is not represented as waiting upon the penitence of the offender. It does not bide its time till the delinquent comes back. It goes out to bring him back. It deliberately endeavors to provoke repentance and does not leave the restoration to chance or to the caprice of the sinner. The Father of Jesus Christ makes it as nearly impossible as it may be for the offender to stay away, and the whole strength of the appeal of the gospel rests upon the assumption that the whole mind and heart of God are gathered up in his purpose to recreate his fellowship with his creatures. It is this assumption which receives a terrific and final verification in the Cross."

Mr. Roberts goes on then to say that "this attitude of God to man is clearly reflected in Jesus' view of the mutual relations of men." "He has much to say about offenses and forgiveness; and what he says is quite explicit both to the offender and the offended. The offender has to make restitution to his brother before his offering is acceptable to God; and the offended brother has to forgive the offender if he is to receive the forgiveness of God. Rightness with man and rightness with God go consistently together. But just as God seeks out the occasion of forgiveness, so also is the offended man to go forth to create the conditions of reconciliation with his offending brother."

"This is the whole meaning of the passage about turning the other cheek, says Dr. Roberts. "Resist not evil," said Jesus; and what he meant was, don't waste your time in resisting evil; your business is to overcome and convert the evil will. When a man strikes you on one cheek you must overcome the evil will in him not by breaking his head but by that more fundamental thing, breaking his heart. Abstain not merely from vengefulness but from

resentment. Counter and conquer your adversary by an indomitable mercy. As Paul puts it; Heap coals of fire on his head.'

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The world has been moving some of late; and the Church also. For instance, as to the latter: "The Bishop of Liverpool spoke recently in favor of an exchange of pulpits with non-conformists.

Eastern papers are quoting this recent utterance by Dr. Aked: "Some people's theology is hellocentric; mine is Christocentric." The Christian Century, a Chicago publication, remarks, "Appropriate during the Billy Sunday campaign!"

To John R. Mott was put the question recently: "If I can give only to the Church or the Y. M. C. A., which should I choose?" The unhesitating immediate reply was: "The Church, of course; for, apart from the Church there would be no Y. M. C. A."

Dr. Robert F. Horton, an eminent Congregational minister of London, said not long ago: "If I had my life to live over again I should choose to be a misisonary. . . . To be a pioneer of the gospel is the greatest thing a man can do on earth."

The president of the Omaha real estate board writes: "Not a job has been lost to a working man through the shutting down of our five breweries. Four are now engaged in other business and are employing many more men than when they made beer."

The two daughters of Julia Ward Howe hold it to be "an assumption little short of an outrage" for Dr. Van Dyke to add a verse to the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Dr. Van Dyke's performance is likened to "making an annex to Lincoln's Gettysburg speech."

What do our public libraries cost us in way of taxation? Recent statistics give 70 cents per capita in Los Angeles; 79 in Oakland; 74 in Seattle. The largest cities have a lower figure. Chicago has about 25; New York 29; Philadelphia 18; Cleveland 73; Pittsburg 60 and St. Louis 42.

One-half the population living in territory cursed by the saloon is in the four great industrial states of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and New Jersey, and one-quarter of the population living in such territory live in six great industrial cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston and Cleveland.

Nowadays, when you get a book with the title "Over There," or "Out There," or "Over There and Back," or "Are You There?" or "Yonder," or "Crossing Over," or "The Great Beyond," you have to read everything the publisher says on the paper jacket to determine whether it's a war book or a new novel by Patience Worth. So says the New York Sun Book Review Department.

All who are wont to regard the Japanese as an inferior people should read Dr. Sidney L. Gulick's new book, "American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship." He shows that their place in the world's civilization and in the world's achievements are by no means insignificant. After the Liberty Bond parade in Berkeley last week one person was heard to remark, "As usual, the Japanese excelled."

Professor R. D. Williams writes from Honolulu: "President and Mrs. Blaisdell's visit to Honolulu will without doubt mark a great forward step in uniting the interests of Pomona College with Hawaii. Dr. Blaisdell has advanced the interests of the College as they could not have been advanced in any other way. Everywhere one hears the warmest expressions of appreciation of his visit and of his inspiring messages, and he has won for the College many warm and loyal friends among the large-hearted people of these Islands."

A prominent Methodist suggests for the unified churches of that order a short and simple name—"The Methodist Church." He would drop the word "Episcopal," saying: "Our people were first called Methodists at Oxford. That was enough then and afterwards on both sides of the ocean." H. K. Carroll, who makes the suggestion, has just finished writing an historical sketch of the Methodist branches, and has grown ever so weary over writing out all the long designations. It is to be hoped that several million other Methodists will get a similar weariness.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is for War-time Prohibition. He wrote not long ago to the secretary of the Methodist Church Temperance Board: "In answer to your question I wish to state that at the outbreak of the war I advocated prohibiting the use of all hard grains, of all grains that can be used in food products, for the making of alcoholic liquor. I am sure that this would have eliminated much of the evil of intemperance which now seriously handicaps our preparations for war. When we must feed our army and help the armies of our allies not a bushel of grain should be permitted to be made into intoxicating liquor. Neither the men in the army nor the men engaged in doing vital work for the army in connection with railroads, factories, mines and shipyards should be allowed to waste strength and health in drink at this time. The same reasons that render it necessary to prohibit the sale of liquor to soldiers in uniform, or within a given number of miles from a military camp, and to stop its use on battleships, apply to extending similar protection for all citizens engaged in the work of railroads, factories, mines and shipyards. I may mention that my sons who are now in the army in France write me most strongly (just as General Pershing has expressed his public opinion most strongly) as to the harm done to the men of the army by permitting the sale of liquor to them, stating that they believe in absolute prohibition for the army in war time—and one of them adding that his experience has made a permanent prohibitionist of him."

The Rev. J. B. Sunderland has given years of study to the relations of the Japanese with other nations. In his recent book on "Rising Japan," he says "the anti-Japanese sentiment in California is the most serious source of irritaton between the United States and Japan. He is hopeful, however, that Californians can be induced to acquiesce in a national immigration policy which shall shut out unfit aliens but admit and protect all those who can be made into true Americans, who shall be intelligent concerning our national ideals and loyal in adhering to them. He approves the recommendation of President Roosevelt that naturalization should be opened to all Japanese who come here desiring to be admitted to our citizenship. He dismisses the idea that Japan contemplates the forcible acquisition of the Philippines as preposterous, and sums up the whole matter by saying that there never will be war between the United States and Japan unless we provoke and start it." Dr. Sidney L. Gulick is the author of a new book, "American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship" in which he says: "I have given what seem to me solid and ample reasons for believing that Japan does not entertain, and never has entertained, any intention or desire to invade either the continental United States or the Philippine Islands; and, therefore, what is commonly thought of as 'the Japanese peril' is

simply the wildest of dreams. There is, however, a danger that is real. That danger is connected with the question of the continuance or noncontinuance of the causes of irritation and distrust that have sprung up between the Japanese and this country. If shortsighted men among us shall persist in carrying on their evil work of filling our public mind with misrepresentations, suspicions, and fear of Japan, and if slights and injustices like those in California shall continue, the relation between Japan and this country may become strained to the breaking point."

A BOOK FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS OF SOLDIERS.

Many of the best books have considerable circulation in the East before they appear on the Pacific Coast. Usually the first reviews we see of many of the books the reading of which we covet are in some of the daily papers published in New York or Boston. One such, noticed in the New York Sun for March 10, and in the Times for March 17, had the title "The Father of a Soldier." The author is the Rev. W. J. Dawson, the British Congregationalist, for some time pastor of a Presbyterian church in the State of New York. He is the father of Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, the author of "Carry On" and "The Glory of the Trenches." From the latter The Pacific had two weeks ago some exceedingly fine quotations in the articles with the captions, "The Person a Returned Soldier Has Missed"; "You Are No Longer You"; and "The Way a Soldier Thinks of God."

Lieutenant Dawson was in this country a few months ago on furlough. Out on the ocean on his return to France he wrote to his father: "Now I want you to obey me—just for once. I want you to write a book. * * * There are fathers in America who are soon to become the fathers of soldiers. Tell them how to bear up; let thm know they're soldiers too— the braver kind of soldiers who are left behind."

Mr. Dawson was obedient; he wrote what the New York Sun has called "An inspiring book; a gentle book of twilight moods and silver-tinted phrases wrought with a fine regard for rhythm and lucidity of thought." * * * "It tells the simple story of a son who went away to war and the consequent mental evolution of his father from fear to happy fortitude and then to a quiet exultation. Through this evolution, the phases of which are frankly set down, his son unconsciously blazes the trail.

"It is an intimate revelation of the relations and the reactions upon each other of father and son, since the beginning of the war." * * * "Sons have become the teachers and examples today, he says; the fathers are the disciples now. And by the letters from his boy in France, the life they tell of and the growth they mark, he is imbued with a realization of the great things the war is doing. He for one has arrived at a clearer realization of the brotherhood of man. He has become a little less a snob than he had been enclined to be, less, perhaps, of a pedant, less intellectually exclusive. His mind has traveled far. He has become a happier and a broader man. His sons have educated him 'in the school of their own courage.' "

Writing concerning this book by Mr. Dawson, a member of the Book Review department of the New York Times says:

"In time of war it is to the parents of the men who fight that the sharpest conflicts of the spirit come. For the soldier himself the issue is often clear enough. He enlists and is at once caught up in the thousand jostling activities of camp and field. He is doing what young men have always done and will do during the crisis of a nation's history. But the parents have more time to meditate. They are not caught up in the rush of army life; they are left behind to struggle with the phantoms of the imagination. And often enough the phantoms are only too real; the conjured scene of smoky field and bleeding body is the scene of actuality. How to drown out these fears? How to make it seem right and worthy that youth be sacrificed on the blazing altar of war? How to endure the hour of separation, of loss? How to engender the heroic mood of consecration?

"To thousands of fathers with sons in battle Mr. Dawson's record of spiritual wavering, of battling with fear, of doubt and revolt, will come as a poignant and veracious mirroring of what must be a universal and harrowing experience. Mr. Dawson tells his story unflinchingly. He knew from the time that the dimensions and true import of the coming struggle began to appear in its real perspective, from the time when Kitchener issued his call for a million men and made his prophecy that the war would last for at least three years longer, that his sons—for Mr. Dawson has two other sons in service besides the author of "Carry On"—would answer the call to the colors. And this foreknowledge harrowed and tortured him. For there had grown between him and his sons an uncommon kinship; not a disciplinary or tutorial relationship, but a genuine cameraderie born of the sharing of vicissitudes and intellectual interests. The father and the eldest son had both distinguished themselves in letters, they had done literary work in common; it was a relationship somewhat akin to that of Hugh Britling and his father in Wells' famous novel.

"To the elder man's mind many reasons presented themselves as furnishing ample justification for his son's refusal to take a share in the great conflict. The son was an artist, years of patient toil had gone into the arduous training for his literary career. The father figured it out in years: Secondary school, Oxford, the fifth of a lifetime. Why could not those who lived their lives heedlessly, without thought—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—why could not they do the brutal work of war? Why drag into that arena of horror a man sensitized by intellectual pursuits, a man occupied in a delicate and a difficult art? This was one of the casuistries with which the father tried to delude himself into a feeling that his son's sacrifice would not be morally necessary.

"But it was no use. He knew that such reasoning was unchivalrous, impossible for a man to whom the thought conveyed in the expression 'Noblesse oblige' was a living rule of conduct. Should all nobility and heroism, the grandest task of preserving the liberties of a race be left to those who spent their lives in delving the reluctant earth and tending the blazing furnaces of industry? Obviously there was no escape that way.

But the father's casuistries were cut short by his son's announcement that they were going to enlist, the three of them. The father tells of his emotion in moving words: 'In that hour all the resilience of my soul seemed broken. The occasion crushed me and drew forth no answering courage. All I knew was that the Fear that had so long haunted me had dropped the veil and now gazed into my shrinking eyes with its old cold eyes of calculated malice. Those eyes were awful as the eyes of Death, and I was afraid.'

"For a time the father tried to justify this fear on "philosophic grounds." But sensibility and a natural mental acuteness rejected syllogisms engenered of affection and false premises. For a man accustomed to the straiter ways of reasoning such a situation is fraught with difficulty. The mind of man is merciless; the emotions try to blind and veil but the germ of intellectual honesty is like a fact, beyond annihilation. And it was because of this innate honesty that Mr. Dawson was saved, as he himself confesses, from meanness. He had come to the point when he was unwilling to recognize the heroes of the past because 'to praise them might invite disaster for myself.' He saw that essentially his fear sprang from selfishness: 'I was afraid be-

cause I loved; but not the less I was afraid of the loss that love might suffer.' Yet through all this struggle one thing was clear to him, that his sons were not afraid. 'I knew what they would do as surely as though I had seen them girding on the armor of a knight and dedicating their swords in silent midnight vigil before some altar.'

"The chance came for the father, the change from fear to pride and calmness and hope, during a second visit to England in the summer of 1916.

"England had now been two years at war. Here he found himself "one of millions who carried the same cross up the same Calvary," at the center of a thousand daily heroisms and sacrifices. He found an England miraculously and resolutely consecrated to its new destiny. 'Individualism was dead; it was replaced by a sacrificial collectivism. And one effect of that new mood was to extirpate the egoism of personal suffering. * * * England made me feel that in giving three sons to her service I had done no more than I ought to do, and that to have done less would have meant dishonor.'

"And with this second vision of England at war came a new visions of war itself. The words are high and memorable: 'I saw War revealed as a constructive force, steadfastly at work beneath visible destruction. I saw its elemental fires burning off the unrealities from the thoughts and lives of men. I saw it consuming a vast holocaust of human shams, as Savonarola once burned the vanities in the Piazza of Florence. He burned the wanton book, the lewd picture, the gay apparel, the means and instruments of selfish and voluptuous life; this diviner fire was burning up the fires which produced these things. It was clean flame, attacking all that was unclean—the plague of decadence, the corruption and cowardice and rottenness of selfish living, the foolish pride and still more foolish complacency of stagnant lives. * * * This was in truth my one supreme chance of attaing heroism. Whatever happened, this was my immitigable duty, to be worthy of my sons and worthy of the great cause to which they were devoted.' "

The New York Times says in conclusion: "The book is a contemporary record of great value, bodying forth in glowing words the exaltation that comes of great renunciation, a renunciation that thousands of American fathers and mothers have already made and that thousands of others will make in the months to come."

The Pacific hopes to have the book ere long and make further mention of it. But with the belief that many fathers and mothers on the Pacific Coast will be helped by it, we avail ourselves of what others have written about the book, so as to bring it thus early to the attention of fathers and mothers on these western shores.

SEEDS AND WORDS.

I dropped a seed beside a path,
And went my busy way,
Till chance or fate—I say not which—
Led me, one summer day,
Along the self-same path, and lo!
A flower blooming there,
As fair as eye hath looked upon,
And sweet as it was fair.

I dropped a sympathetic word,
Nor stayed to watch it grow,
For little tending's needed, when
The seed is good we sow;
But once I met the man again,
And by the gladsome way
He took my hand I knew I sowed
The best of seed that day.

EVERY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ENLISTED TO ENLIST EVERY CONGREGATIONAL MEMBER.

60,000 Canvassers to Call Upon 1,000,000 Constituents in Three Hours on December 8.

The Aim Is Sixteen Million Dollars: $4,000,000 for Missions and Charities; $12,000,000 for Local Church Support.

This proposal is presented by the Tercentenary Committee, the Missionary Boards, the Women's Organizations, the Conferences of the States.

The Plan.

After careful preparation a united effort will be made to visit every home on a single day to ask for pledges for 1919—for Home and Foreign Missions and for local Church expense.

Reasons for the Plan.

Adequate support of the church and her missions depends upon enlistment of all the people. Up to the present time half of our Congregational church members give nothing, and not over half of the giving half give thoughtfully and systematically.

Present Giving of Our Churches.

In terms of millions it runs like this:

For local church support	$11,000,000
Towards the apportionment goal of two millions for our Missionary Boards	1,500,000
Total for our current denominational obligations	$12,500,000
For other Congregational objects outside our definite responsibilities	1,000,000
For undenominational objects	1,000,000
Total yearly giving of 6000 churches	$14,500,000

What Increase is Suggested?

A very modest one—Another million to meet urgent demands of local finance. A half million more for the exacting current missionary needs of the day. A minimum of sixteen millions in all. There is no flood line; it should be low water mark!

It is estimated that if all gave as the givers give we would raise twenty millions easier than we do fourteen and a half. The possibilities of this drive are big beyond belief.

What This Great Drive Will Mean.

Financial budgets met; meagre salaries increased; inadequate equipment enlarged; missionary apportionments raised; churches brought to self-support; higher standards of giving adopted; confidence and enthusiasm generated; church forces energized and drilled; two-thirds of our membership enlisted for action; three-fourths of our churches installing better methods; thousands enrolled under the "Covenant of Stewardship";

These are great days! Big things are being done! Wonderful campaigns are on! The Church should be the basis of all unselfish service!

President Wilson has declared that in the welfare of the church is wrapped up the welfare of our land. Let us keep up with the day! Let us do the biggest thing yet! Let us put push and power into this drive!

Never has Congregationalism faced so large an obligation, nationally—internationally—as it faces in these times.

The Every Member Canvass

Has been proved by thousands of churches to be the simplest, the sanest, the most businesslike, the most fraternal, the most effective method known.

Things in this world do not come by chance, but a soul is set in a certain place; and happiness is to be found by interpreting the events of life rightly, by facing sorrow bravely, by showing kindness, by thankfully accepting joy and pleasure.—A. C. Benson.

THE NUMBER KILLED THE FIRST THREE YEARS OF THE WAR.

The following compilation is based on the figures of the War Study Society, for the first three years of the war:

Dead:	Two Years Aug. 1, 1914, to Aug. 1, 1916,	One Year Aug. 1, 1916, to Aug. 1, 1917.	Total Three Years
England	205,000	102,500	307,500
France	855,000	427,500	1,282,500
Italy	105,000	52,000	157,000
Russia	1,500,000	750,000	2,250,000
Belgium	50,000	25,000	75,000
Serbia	110,000	55,000	165,000
Rumania	.....	100,000	100,000
Entente Allies	2,825,000	1,512,000	4,337,000
Germany	885,000	442,500	1,327,500
Austria-Hungary	718,000	359,000	1,077,000
Turkey	150,000	75,000	225,000
Bulgaria	25,000	12,500	37,500
Teutonic Allies	1,778,000	889,000	2,667,000
Total, all	4,603,000	2,401,000	7,004,000

The New York Sun estimates the loss for the fourth year at 1,500,000, saying:

"If 2,401,000 men were killed in the year from August 1, 1916, to August 1, 1917, it is probable that the losses for the last year, up to August 1, will not be more than 1,500,000. This would allow for the present offensive on the British front, which seems at this time to be the long-heralded German attack and which will result in a heavy casualty list.

"That would give a total for the four years of the war of 8,504,000."

CONCERNING JUDGE WILBUR OF THE CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT.

The California Independent, a Los Angeles publication, last week had the following concerning Curtis D. Wilbur, which we pass on to the readers of The Pacific, with the remark that Judge Wilbur has been for many years a member of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, and long time conducted in its Sunday-school a large Bible class from which went out a great influence for good. Since coming to San Francisco, where his duties as a member of the Supreme Court keep him considerable of the time, he has been conducting a Bible Study class in First Church in this city. It meets at 9:45 Sunday mornings. We suggest attendance at that class on the part of all who can attend. What is put forth there will lay hold practically of many important present day questions. It is a study which makes for the good of man and the glory of God. Our First Church is fortunate in that it has for such a class such a man as Judge Wilbur. Please read now and remember what the Los Angeles Independent says concerning him:

"Absolute and unquestioned integrity, together with judicial ability, are qualities that find their happy combination in Justice Curtis D. Wilbur. So intimately is his name associated with advanced jurisprudence, suggesting to lawmaking bodies measures by which justice could be meted out to all classes and conditions of people, which suggestions have materialized into laws, that his name is now a household word in the homes of California.

"Justice Wilbur, although yet a young man, is known as "Father of the Juvenile Court" of California. Many, many are the boys who had started down the broad road to ruin, who, when they came before this splendid man in the Juvenile Court, and saw kindness instead of sternness in his gentle face, caught inspiration that turned their lives toward honorable manhood. And as much can be truthfully said of the wayward girls that came before him and are now respectable.

"But the efficient services of Judge Wilbur have not been restricted to the Juvenile Court. His co-jurists on the bench of the Superior Court knowing his ability, delegated to him the trial of some of the most intricate cases. And they were so ably and justly handled that but few of them have been reversed by the higher courts.

"Governor William D. Stevens, knowing Judge Wilbur intimately for many years, and recognizing his ability as a jurist, has promoted him to Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California where, in larger sphere, his usefulness to state and nation will be continued.

"But to retain the service of Justice Wilbur in the Supreme Court he must be nominated at the primaries on the 20th of August, this year, and elected in November. Kindly remember this, and go to the polls on both occasions and do for him in the state what Los Angeles County has always been in the habit of doing—the biggest vote ever."

SOME OF THE BATTLE FRONT PROBLEMS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

The General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work in France is Mr. E. C. Carter. In a recent interview in Paris, published last week in the New York Times, there were presented some of the difficulties and problems of the work. It is declared that it is ten times more difficult to do things there than here in the United States. The interview shows that workers are adapting themselves to situations of which they never even dreamed before they reached France, and that many who it was thought at first would be inadequate or even failures, are making good in one way and another.

Secretary Carter stated to the Times correspondent that two men who had come over on a steamer not long ago called at his office and said to him:

"Mr. Carter, we just want to speak to you privately right at the beginning; just about half of the people on our steamer ought to be sent home."

The association was short of workers in those days, so he said that they would wait two or three weeks, but it did look as if they had sent some lemons from America, writes the correspondent. Later these two workers, after making a tour on the field, came back and said: "We take it all back—we had no idea that these people were the same people that were on the steamer. They are doing a marvelous piece of work." "Perhaps they are not the same people," Mr. Carter replied; "perhaps you are not the the same people you were on the steamer. It may be that the pull of this work and contact with the men, with the realities of life, have changed them and changed you."

And they replied: "We are quite sure of that, and we are quite sure that the others are not the same kind of people that trod the deck of the steamer."

One day a man came into the office and said: "I hope you are not going to send me back." The Secretary replied: "I don't think that is very likely." The man said, "If you found out about me I was afraid you might. I went to the New York office and explained to them I was what the survey would call 'an idle rich man.' They asked if I could drive a car. No; I had always had a chauffeur. Could I play or sing? No. Could I keep boks? No. Did I smoke? Yes. Did I drink? Yes. Did I gamble? Yes. And they accepted me and sent over and here I am. I am just too old to serve in the army and

believe that the Y. M. C. A. is the next best way to serve my country."

This man happened to spend a night at the Pavilion Hotel, one of the association hotels in Paris for enlisted men. He went up to one of the workers the next morning and said: "Last night there was a big American Sergeant who had just come to town on leave. He was about half seas over from drink and wanted to go out and paint Paris red. I got him upstairs, (I knew exactly how he felt.) I got him to bed and got him to sleep. The next morning at breakfast he grasped me by the hand and said, 'Old man, I can't thank you enough for saving me from disgracing myself, my uniform, and my country. Do you think I am going to make good?' A month later a letter came from the Sergeant from one of the camps. He had been out in one of the huts, (sometimes more rain comes into your bed in a hut than if you moved it outside.) He said: 'I have never been so cold, so wet, nor so happy in my life. I have found my fellow-men. I have found God. I am being reborn in middle life.' "

Many men are going to be reborn before they have been at this job much longer, because it is so much vaster than anything they have done before.

"As we go out we try to remember," said Secretary Carter, "that we are encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. First of all, there are the men themselves, who are looking to us and to our conduct to represent all that is best in American life. There are hundreds and hundreds of men in America who hardly ever attend church or the Young Men's Christian Association, and who have never read the New Testament much; yet when they see a man or woman bearing the sign of the Red Triangle they feel now 'If I ever am in trouble there is some one I could go to.'

"We tell our workers that it is our job to let them know how to go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death and fear no evil; and God forbid that we be so worldly that we are unable to help a man to go through the valley without fear! But there is a more difficult job; it may be easier to teach him how a man may go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, than to come through alive and after the end of the war to go back and live as close to God as if he had died, to take his place as a Christian citizen ,to make a fairer America and a fairer world.

"Our aim is to insure that the coming of this force to France shall be a blessing and not a curse to the people of France, a blessing and not a curse to the men themselves and a blessing and not a curse when they return to America after the war is over. This has not been the case in former wars, as we look back over history. When has the coming of an army to a foreign land been a blessing to the men themselves or to the people among whom they came, or to those fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts to whom they have returned after the war? We are here to help change the course of history—to make these men so fit, to give them such high ideals that they may be better fighters, that they shall rise to better effort than they otherwise would have done, and so hasten the end of the war and in addition be a blessing to themselves and to America. So our men will look to us as the idealist force in the army. We have got to play the game.

"We have here at the present moment E. H. Sothern and Winthrop Ames, men who have come to help bring the very best of the American stage. Nothing had been said on the subject of wine, as far as I know, but Mrs. Ames said to me: 'I hope you won't think it strange, but we have decided we will not drink even light wine during the whole time we are in France, because we know that some officers and men think it rather strange for Y. M. C. A. workers to do so, and, although we have come over simply for the preliminary work, we are part and parcel of the organization, and we do want to play the game.'

"When in the history of the Christian Church have a thousand missionaries sailed in six months across the ocean to another land? While the objective of most of us is our own people, we are missionaries to the British, the French and the Italians, and the German and Austrian prisoners that we may meet. They are going to judge America and the American church by our conduct, because some way or other they think of the personnel of the Y. M. C. A. as representing the flower of America.

"Then there is another company of witnesses, even more numerous, and that is the fathers and mothers and sisters and sweethearts back in America, who, as our women or men, stand, in a canteen and give out the last, not cup of cold water but cup of hot coffee, to their boys as they go to the line for the first time, would give anything to be in our places. They have a right to expect that we worthily represent the composite best of Christian life and the Christian homes in America.

"Then there is a third company that encompasseth us, and that is the great allied army, particularly the British and French, who for nearly four years have fought our fight, borne our burden, stood between us and tyranny. They are still crying out, 'When is America going to enter the line?' It is only recently that America has held even one inch of trench, and even though there is now an American sector, our American contingent is strongly buttressed on either side by French regiments. Nearly a year has elapsed and we are not really in the war. The French and British soldiers may well cry, 'How long, Lord, how long?' We are training our men for war, but four years ago the British and French had to throw untrained men in the face of the German legions and get their training by death and in no other way.

"Our men are having the wonderful opportunity of the most skilled training before they are thrust in. Therefore we tell our workers that it behooves us to be sure that our influence in the American camps tends to teach the American soldier that as he passes from America to England and France he passes over holy ground, that we are not really worthy to unloose the shoes of French and British soldiers who have been fighting so long, not only for themselves but for us.

"There may be a few Americans who brag. When an American soldier swaggers into a British or French camp, as I am sorry to say he does now and then, and says, 'Now, you will see, now that America is in the war, we will teach the Germans something,' it is not strange if there is bloodshed in the camp. There is a great work to accomplish today in order that the American soldier may realize how much we have to learn from France and England, from the military point of view as well as in other ways.

"I remember in one of our camps I saw a sign, 'No French soldiers allowed here.' I asked the Secretary what the matter was and he said: 'These French soldiers are a lot of ginks. We can't have them around.' Then I went to another camp; there was a room full of French and American soldiers; they listened to the talks, given half in French and half in English, which must have seemed crazy to half of them, but the Americans cheered for the French and the French cheered for the Americans. The Americans thought the French were the finest people on earth, and the French thought the Americans were the finest people on earth, simply because the Secretary in charge of that camp allowed the French soldiers to come under the contagion of his enthusiasm and pass it on. We have a very big task in this direction both with the British and the French.

"Then there is a fourth company of witnesses—the women of all countries whose lot is harder than that of the men, who day after day, have searched the papers, in eagerness and in fear for the wounded, the killed, and that yet more terrible list, the missing, hoping sometimes to see them in the first list, because it may mean a period in hospital or a period at home and a postponement of the evil day. These women know how to work; and how they have worked—the Frenchwomen in this very France who follow the plow that there may be enough food and to spare; then there are the British women in the canteens, (the British women bear it and bear it with a smile.) They are scrubbing floors, washing dishes, serving tea—glad to do it without complaint because of the great need for unselfish service and menial labor. If this war is to be seen through to the finish, we have got to take their places and help bear their burden with the strength and vitality of America's unrealized resources, and in humility and sacrifice and sympathy send these on and make them available to the rest of the world. It is going to be a very difficult task.

"Our people here must be prepared for cold and rain and disappointments. Again and again we send out some equipment to a hut, and a Secretary full of enthusiasm. He arrives in a desolate town of France simply swarming with American soldiers, who have no place to go. He goes around and calls on the men and officers, and talks to the men. All these things have been shipped, and they will probably be here day after tomorrow. A week passes—two weeks, sometimes three weeks. He is just at the end of his tether and comes into Paris and blows us up for not sending the stuff.

"We look up the records, investigate, find it was sent; then we trace it; we find the destination was misread by some half-blinded French soldier at a switch, and he sent it to some distant part of France, and the shipment will not be seen for four or five weeks. One man came into our office practically on his way to America. He had been two weeks in his headquarters, a little room, his chair a box, his table a board, his light a candle on those nights when he could get a candle—absolutely nothing in the way of equipment. He said if the Paris office could not back him up properly he would go back. We told him we had sent the shipment, and Dr. Freeman carried him back to his line. It happened that the battalion was lined up, returning from a route march in the street. When they saw their Secretary returning the whole battalion raised a great cheer of welcome because he had come back. He had not known that without equipment something more precious had been given to that battalion—his own friendship and self."

EVENTS AT SHAOWU, CHINA.

By J. E. Walker.

The war has incidentally brought to Shaowu an agricultural missionary, Mr. Charles H. Riggs. He had expected to go to Macedonia, but the war prevented, and in the meantime Dr. E. L. Bliss of our Shaowu Station had his heart set on a dairying and farming institute here in Shaowu. In the treatment of ailing infants he had felt sorely the need of good fresh milk, which he could safely give to little one suffering from poor diet and mal-nutrition. Infant mortality in China is four times as great as it is in New England. Chinese cows give just about enough milk for their calves. Six of them would hardly supply so much milk as one good American Jersey. Hence, though there are now a number of milk cows at Shaowu, the supply is meager and the price prohibitive to common people.

After a year's study in a language school in Nanking, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs joined us at Shaown last autumn; and he has been pushing the enterprise with great energy. Dr. Bliss, on his return from furlough last fall brought with him goats and chickens, as well as a bull and a cow; and all are doing well. We hope for crosses that will greatly improve the native stock. He and Mr. Riggs have purchased very cheaply 15 acres of level land and half a mile of hill land. This latter was of no use to any one and came very cheaply. The Chinese have benefited by the labors of Dr. Bliss and his students and assistants ever since 1892; and the enterprise so far has met only good will.

But the sanitary care of this foreign stock is a serious problem. A few years ago Rev. E. D. Kellogg, attended by Dr. Pung, went over land to North China and brought thence a blooded bull and a blooded cow. Both are now dead, as are some of the half-breed animals bred from the bull. Cattle plague, perhaps a form of bubonic plague, has wrought much havoc of late years among the Chinese cattle. But much can now be done in the way of rendering the cattle immune.

While Dr. Bliss and family and ourselves were home on furlough some Chinese cows owned by or under the control of Dr. Lucy P. Bement died of the plague; and she ordered the carcasses to be buried; but as she had not leisure to superintend the operation, she thinks they may have been butchered and sold. The Chinese always do this. The meat is taken to market and sold at a reduced price, which puts it within the reach of the poorer people. There is no concealment about it; and I never heard of harm coming of it. Some years ago in a fishing village down by the sea the carcass of a cow dead of the pest was thus butchered and eaten by the villagers with impunity; but a Christian youth who had refused to eat the meat washed his feet in a tub in which the diseased meat had been washed, contracted the disease and died of it.

The only fully sanitary course in the case of such a carcass is to burn it; and next to this is the thorough cooking which the Chinese give it. Inevitably the offal and hide remain as a source of infection; but the one is tanned and the other devoured by dogs and swine. We do not eat Chinese pork from the market.

Some year ago a scientific periodical stated that at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, after an epidemic of yellow fever, a microscopist found the soil of the cemeteries swarming with yellow fever germs. I have never since seen this confirmed; but burying a diseased carcass is a remedy of uncertain value. When Moses said to the Hebrews, "Eat not that which dieth of itself; give it to the sojourner within thy gates; or sell it to the foreigner" (Deut. 14:21), he did the best in his power. The Hebrew imperative mood is permissive as well as mandatory. Deut. 14:21 is an advance on Lev. 17:15, where the man who ate the flesh of such a carcass was simply unclean till evening. The sojourner would be a refugee or fugitive, and poor. The Althorized version reads, "Thou **shalt** give it to the stranger; * * * or thou **mayest** sell it to the foreigner." The Revised Version has **mayest** in both sentences.

We have in Shaowu a small Mohammedan community which has maintained its separation from the rest of the people for a number of generations. They do not eat the favorite Chinese meat, pork, and have other like rules which have kept them thus separate. A convert from them told me that the first piece of pork which he ate after becoming a Christian nauseated him. The Mosaic distinction of clean and unclean animals has greatly helped the Jews to maintain their isolation all down the ages.

Shoawu, China, Feb. 26, 1918.

WASHINGTON IN WAR TIME.

By Lieutenant George H. DeKay.

The eyes of the world, and also the ears, today are turned towards Washington as the leading center of interest in this country's part in the great struggle to uphold Lincoln's theory of government as opposed to the Hollenzollern theory. And what does "Washington" as a city mean to the majority of our land?

It was the privilege of the writer to be stationed there on duty for three months during the period of heatless days and often, for the same reason, sleepless nights, and the impressions he received were many and varied.

Washington, before the war, is described as a quiet comfortable city without any ambition to be heard from. Under present conditions it cannot lay claim to any of such attractions, for over night the city has turned into a bustling, hurrying city totally unprepared for accommodating the crowds and labors thrust onto it. Now it gives the impression of a big village with a lot of people in it.

On entering the city one is first impressed with the beauty of the Union Station and also with the Post Office opposite. The Union Station is crowded all day and night with those arriving and departing, troops passing through or dis-entraining. The upper floors of the building are used almost entirely by the War Department for offices.

Leaving the Station one looks over a magnificent piece of statuary (which most of those now in Washington will be enlightened to learn is erected to the name and fame of Christopher Columbus) and on up a broad avenue to the Capitol Building.

But the crowds are the main attraction now. One is impressed with them on four different occasions; upon arriving at the Union Station, upon trying to find a place to even stand in the street cars, during the times of the day when the thousands employed in the various government departments are going or coming to and from work, and when one tries at the last moment to secure seats in the theatre. At other times the streets present a calm and deserted appearance.

The War, which has caused the great change, has also filled every available space with the different branches of the War Department. Everything has been taken over. Lofts, garages, hotels, apartment houses, private houses, and even an enormous dance hall, now bear the signs of the War Bureaus. And these are filled with army and civilian personnel from all over the land. The army of civilian clerks is enormous and for the most part exempt from the draft, the reason for this being that so far is has not been thought necessary to draft the girls of our country, and they are doing their part by the thousands as stenographers and clerks. From all over the country they have gathered and for the most part from purely patriotic impulses.

One young lady was overheard explaining to her companion why she had decided to work in Washington. She said, "I had two brothers and two cousins and none of them seemed to care a bit about the war or doing anything so one day I simply blew up and told them what I thought of them and came here to do my part." Such is the backing we have when we go into the trenches. Small wonder that our men give such good accounts of themselves in action!

The housing conditions are a serious problem. It has been estimated that between fifty and seventy-five thousand extra people are now living in the city and it has been extremely difficult to even give them shelter. The less said about the restaurants the better, but when one has to pay as high as forty dollars a month for the privilege of two meals a day and sharing a small room with another it makes his pay account look very ill. The writer has known of many officers who have spent their first night or two in Washington at Turkish Baths in lieu of walking the streets. He, one day, answered an attractively worded "ad" of fine room and board in the heart of town for only thirty dollars a month. Being fond of fishing, and this sounding more fishy than otherwise, he investigatd. "Oh, yes, we have a very nice room to let. Yes, come right up and see it." Reaching the second floor some more information is granted" the room is on the third floor. Not being a cripple the writer was able to stand even the thought of three flights up for the chance of cutting twenty dollars down on his expenses. But nearly to the top of the third floor the fish was landed for—"I forgt to say that you will have to share a bed with Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown was not disturbed.

The city streets are wide and looked after, and even though they have a habit of running into beautiful Park Circles and losing one they are a constant attraction. About 1799 La Fortune was called upon to plan the Capitol City and his ideas have been faithfull carried out. All telephone, light and other wires are underground and the familiar poles are conspicious by their total absence.

But in spite of the many attractions, the Capitol, the Congressional Library, the wonderful museums and historic spots it was a relief to receive orders to field duty again for one cannot, under present conditions, feel at all settled or at home.

One question remains unanswered in the writer's mind. Does anyone live in Washington in peace times? In the course of three months of duty, and off duty, he met many people staying in the city from all over our land but none who would admit that, that was their home town at other times. What has become of the natives?

Wilbur Wright Field, Fairfield, Ohio, April 10, 1918.

IS AMERICAN DEMOCRACY SAFE?

By E. Guy Talbott.

In an article entitled, "Citizens or Subjects?" in a recent issue of the Kansas City Times, Theodore Roosevelt charges that the proposed espionage act before Congress would "make Americans subjects instead of citizens," that it is a proposal to put the President in the position of the Hohenzollerns and Romanoffs." The alleged clause in the proposed law to which the erstwhile wielder of the Big Stick so strenuously objects makes it treasonable to use "contemptuous or slurring language about the President."

This provision which is not in the law, the Ex-President exclaims, "is sheer treason to the United States." Then he goes on to state that he believes the proposal to be unconstitutional, and says: "If it is passed I shall certainly give the government the opportunity to test its constitutionality." Regarding his past severe denunciations of President Wilson, former President Roosevelt says: "I cared nothing whether or not timid and unpatriotic and short-sighted men said that I spoke slurringly or contemptuously."

The same issue of the Kansas City Times told the story of the lynching of a man with a German name in a little town in Illinois, and of several tar and feather and horse-whipping episodes in which supposed disloyal Germans figured as the victims, and "leading citizens" as the instigators and participants. Such acts of mob violence are becoming daily occurences all over the Middle West. In many cases the only offense alleged against these objects of mob law is that they have German names or are German subjects.

In view of these facts and in view of the bombastic utterances of the Sage of Sagamore, one asks, "Is American

Democracy Safe?" One thing is certain, disloyalty and seditious talk must be stamped out. If Congress cannot define what disloyalty and sedition are, and it is left to the individual to decide for himself, as Roosevelt says he will decide for himself, then Democracy in America is decidedly unsafe. Manifestly the law cannot state that a former President may say what he pleases about the President and a man with a German name be shot or hanged for saying the same things.

Mob violence in America is just as bad anarchy as Bolshevism in Russia and ought not to be tolerated or countenanced in any way whatever by decent citizens. It is the best way to bring American democracy into disrepute. No mob is capable of self-government, and the mob that takes the law into its own hands is as unworthy of citizenship in this Republic as the German sympathizer, who is the victim of the mob. Mob law is the antithesis of democracy. It is social anarchy.

But anti German mobs will increase and their crimes become more daring unless the Federal Government has the machinery whereby disloyal and seditious talk may be curbed. Such legislation is vitally necessary if American democracy is to be made safe. The cause of democracy is not only hurt by seditious and disloyal talk of pro-Germans, it is hurt quite as much by anarchistic American mobs.

It ought not to be the right or privilege of either the citizen of this Republic or an enemy alien or a German sympathizer or even a former president, to "use contemptuous or slurring language about the President." Such talk ought to be considered as disloyal and seditious as to glorify the Kaiser.

It is to be hoped Congress will pass the proposed espionage law and then let Roosevelt "use contemptuous and slurring language about the President," as he threatens to do, and take his medicine if the law is held to be constitutional.

Jingoism in high places is more dangerous to democracy than is a common man with a German name living in a little Illinois town.

WHAT IS SUNSHINE?

A little gold amid the gray—
That's sunshine;
A little brightness on the way—
That's sunshine;
A little spreading of the blue,
A little widening of the view,
A little heaven breaking through—
That's sunshine.

A little looking for the light—
That's sunshine;
A little patience through the night—
That's sunshine;
A little bowing of the will,
A little resting on the hill—
A little standing very still—
That's sunshine.

A little smiling through the tears—
That's sunshine;
A little faith behind the fears—
That's sunshine;
A little folding of the hand,
A little yielding of demand,
A little grace to understand—
That's sunshine.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE HAS ARRANGED A FINE PROGRAM FOR ITS ANNUAL MEETING.

The Conference will convene in annual meeting at 2 p.m. on Monday, May 6, in First Church, Berkeley, and will continue through Wednesday.

Each afternoon one hour and a half will be given to some important public question of the day. The first afternoon it will be Agriculture and Food. Dean Hunt of the agricultural department of the State University and Mr. Ralph Merritt of the State Food Conservation Board will be the speakers.

The first afternoon three-quarters of an hour will be given to Bible Study—led by Dr. Van Horn. Other days this will be in the morning.

The conference sermon will be given on Monday evening by the Rev. Byron H. Stauffer of First Church, San Francisco.

For Tuesday forenoon following the Bible Study service, there is planned what promises to be one of the finest parts of the whole program. The announcement will be under the caption of "Tested Truths." It is to be an Experience Meeting, led by the Rev. E. C. Oakley. Ten or more persons, men and women, will bring these "Tested Truths" up out of their own experiences and thus stamp them as something to rest on.

Tuesday afternoon the women will for one hour have charge of the services. At this time Miss Miriam Woodberry of the National Home Missionary Society will speak.

Following this comes a report concerning what is being accomplished at Fort Bidwell, in the work among the Indians. Mr. Bowman, the missionary in charge, will bring word of much accomplished of late and of a fine outlook for the future.

"Under "Public Question" that afternoon there will be reports from the field by Dr. Perkins, who is at the head of important Y. M. C. A. work among the camps on the Coast and from Mrs. Robeson concerning the cantonments.

Tuesday evening will be Home Missionary evening. The Rev. Messers. Speers and Anderson, workers on the home missionary field, will speak. Also Dr. W. W. Scudder, Associate Secretary of the National Council, and Miss Miriam L. Woodberry, Secretary of the Woman's Department of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

Wednesday morning following Bible Study service will come reports from the churches—report being prepared and presented by one person.

Then the work of the National benevolent societies will have presentation.

"Our Responsibility" is the theme for Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Nash will speak on the Responsibility of the School of Religion to the Churches.

Dr. Larkin, who is Pastor Counsellor for the State Christian Endeavor Society, will speak with reference thereto.

Secretary Scudder of the National Council, on "The Every Member Drive."

Then there will for three-quarters of an hour answers by Secretary Kelsey to such questions as may be propounded.

"Life Recruits"—an address by Dr. Patton of the American Board and the Public Question department will round out what will be an afternoon of large value.

Professor R. F. Scholz of the University of California will treat the public question.

The closing address of the conference will be on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Patton, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Three evenings dinner will be served by the ladies of the churches for 35 cents. Three toast-masters have been

named: The Rev. Messrs. Atkinson, Palmer, and Kloss.

Arrange to be there all through! The meeting gives promise of being one of the very best held for many years.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Congregational Church at Riverside has extended a call to the Rev. George Laughton of Hilo.

The Southern California Congregational Conference holds its annual meeting in First Church, Pasadena, May 6-8. We are hoping to have an outline of the program next week.

The Rev. R. C. Waddell has closed his pastorate at Monroe, Washington; has returned to California, and is supplying at Hayward for a few Sundays.

The Rev. J. C. Bolster of Antioch has been summoned East on account of the serious illness of a brother. Mr. Bolster is doing a fine work at Antioch. The "Community Sing" introduced by him has captured the whole community.

The Annual Out-Door-Meeting of the Congregational Ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, will be held in Mill Valley on Monday, April 29. As usual the Mnisters' Wives' Club will join in this meeting. Basket lunch as aforetime. Take 9:45 Sausalito boat.

Next Monday after the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco a lunch will be served in the First Congregational Church at which Chaplain Joseph Rowell will be the guest of honor. This is in celebration of his 98th brthday which comes on that date. There will be some around-the-table talks and reminiscences.

Friends and acquaintances of Mr. Zenda Watanabe, an honor graduate of the Pacific School of Religion in the class of 1916, will be interested to know that he has been called to and has accepted the position of Professor of Theology in the Doshisha University, Kyoto, Japan. In writing to a friend he says: "I accepted the call because I think I can do more good to the cause of Christianity in an interdenominational school than in a denominational one."

THE MONDAY MEETING OF THE MINISTERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Ministers' Meeting will be led next Monday by Mr. Geo. T. Tolson. The subject is "The Outlook for the Church." Everyone is asked to come prepared to discuss the theme: "Are There Evidences in the Light of Church History and the Present Situation that There Are Impnding Any Great Changes for Better or Otherwise in the Church?"

The following outline is suggested:

1st. The Natural Conservatism of Religion and of the Church: (a) Large Place of Feeling in Comparison to Pure Reason; (b) Crystallization into Creeds, Hymns, Rituals and Canons of Scripture Interpretations; (c) Largeness of the Body, Organized, Propertied.

2nd. The Pre-conditions of Religious Changes as Evinced by Changes in the Past: the Reformation, Wesleyan and Edwardian Revivals; Church in French Revolution and the Russian Revolution; 18th Century Infidelity.

3rd. Do the Conditions of Change Prevail Today, or Are They Likely to in the Near Future?

4th. Conclusion: Evolution or Revolution; The Direction of Progress; Ideas and Ideals for Which Pastors Should Stand.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE COMMITTEES FOR THE DECEMBER SIXTEEN MILLION DOLLAR DRIVE.

Bay Association—F. J. Van Horn, Mrs. Van Horn, Mrs. E. A. Evans.

Upper Bay Association—G. E. Atkinson, Martinez.

Sonoma Association—F. F. Farrington, Petaluma.

Santa Clara Association—E. A. King, San Jose.

Central Association—W. A. Schwimley, Lodi.

San Joaquin Association—T. T. Giffen, Fresno.

Sacramento Association—W. J. Johnson, Oroville.

Modoc Association—W. H. Youngman, Alturas.

Humboldt Association—R. D. Douglass, Ferndale.

German Association—J. G. Eckhnelt, Fresno.

Armenian Association—M. G. Papazian, Fresno.

FURTHER DATES FOR THE NATIONAL SECRETARIES.

Several dates for addresses and the places where they are to be made were given in The Pacific last week. Others are as follows:

Sunday, April 28, Secretary Scudder of the National Council, will be at Tulare. That evening the San Joaquin Valley Association will begin its spring meeting.

On the 5th of May, Secretary Scudder will be at Saratoga in the morning and at Sunnyvale in the evening.

Miss Miriam Woodberry, Secretary of the Woman's Department of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, will be with the church at Sacramento on Sunday, April 28, in the morning. May 5, she will be at Santa Cruz in the morning and at Pacific Grove in the evening.

CHARLES SELDEN VAILE.

The Claremont Courier for April 4 contained the following notice of the passing into the other life of the Rev. C. S. Vaile, well known by readers of The Pacific all over California:

After several weeks of suffering with a critical attack of heart weakness, Mr. Vaile entered into rest on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, having fought a good fight, having finished the course, having kept the faith. * * * * *

Born in Kokomo, Indiana, June 18, 1852, he was a descendant of Mayflower Pilgrims in at least two lines, and until the removal of his immediate ancestors to Indiana, the families lived in Massachusetts, connected by descent and marriage with many of the old time colonial households. And Mr. Vaile was greatly interested a few years ago in visiting among these families and collectng geneological and biographical data. He was also proud to be a Son of the American Revolution.

After his early education in his home town he entered Oberlin College, graduating with the class of 1878. That fall he entered Andover Theological Seminary, and though completing the course in 1881 remained another year for further study. In 1882 he came to Oakland, California, as temporary supply for a Congregational Church. He was also pastor at Martinez for several years; was called to the Ojai church in 1888, served for a time as pastor at Santa Barbara, later at Plymouth and Central churches, Los Angeles. His last pastorate was a short one at Monrovia, 1896-97. At this time, because of the failing health of his wife, he came to Claremont, and has since made him home here. * * * *

After leaving active work as a church pastor, Mr. Vaile engaged in real estate and insurance business in Claremont and also in orange growing. * * *

Mr. Vaile was an energetic man, with a deep interest in the largest church life and work, public spirited and active

to advance high ideals in the community, vitally alive to national progress, and broadly humanitarian in world-wide movements. He was loyal to his convictions, and true to them even when his sympathy was with less popular movements, and his desire for fair play was misunderstood. In local clubs, Cactus and Pomological, he was always ready to take whatever part was assigned and carefully prepared his addresses. He was a citizen whose loss to the community will be large.

FROM VENTURA TO SAN DIEGO.

Rev. W. H. Hannaford has accepted a call from the Logan Heights Congregational church in San Diego, and entered upon the pastorate on Easter Sunday.

Mr. Hannaford closed a pastorate of a little more than three years at Ventura, on March 24th. Earnest efforts were made to induce him to remain longer, but the opportunity offered by the San Diego field was strong enough to overcome them and his resignation was reluctantly accepted.

FROM REDONDO BEACH TO LOS ANGELES.

Rev. W. P. Hardy closed his pastorate at Redondo Beach the first of April and entered on the pastorate in Berean Church, Los Angeles, as successor to T. O. Douglas, Jr., who has gone to Tempe, Arizona.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Among the good things of last week in Spokane was the thirteenth annual convention of the Inland Empire Teachers' Association. There were 2000 teachers present, and some of the leading educators of the country were on the program. It is now counted among the great educational conventions of the country. I heard some lectures of high grade which I cannot adequately report, but none better than the two by President Penrose of Whitman College. A very enjoyable occasion was the banquet of Whitman College alumni at the Davenport hotel. The program was cleverly arranged and carried out delightfully. It was reported that Whitman had 158 students in military service, and over 50 per cent of the graduates are officers. Special attention was called to the establishment of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Whitman College, and that it was the first endowed college on which the honor was bestowed. Captain T. B. Steele, U. S. A. has his office in memorial hall, and has a library of military books on hand. President Penrose recognized the efficient work done by Prof. Walter Eells, grandson of Dr. Cushing Eells, founder of the college, in enlisting the interest of the alumni. The achievements are remarkable, having 80 per cent of the alumni members of the alumni association. Dr. Penrose is sending a letter to Congregational ministers assuring them that Congregational students will find at Whitman a warm welcome from Christian people of their own faith, "who will take a personal interest in them, make them speedily feel at home, and introduce them to the activities of the church.

If they come to Whitman College, you can be assured of this. The Congregational Church is the oldest church of our denomination in the State of Washington and has a deserved reputation for efficiency and generosity. Rev. Otis Halbert Holmes, D.D., its pastor, is a leading figure in the civil life and a darm friend of young people. A graduate of the University of Kansas and of Chicago Theological Seminary, he has wide intellectual interests and deep human sympathy. Many of the students and faculty of the College are active in his church.

The United States Bureau of Education lists Whitman College in its A Class of educational institutions. The Association of American Universities places it upon the list of American institutions recommended to foreign universities. Why not advise your boys and girls to come to Whitman? It stands for character and quality.

Drs. Chapman and Foulkes, representing the general synod of the Presbyterian church, were in the city last week, and it was my privilege to hear them once, and it was a benediction. They are diffusing the evangelistic spirit wherever they go.

Rev. P. A. Bauer has closed his labors with Plymouth Church, Spokane, and has accepted a call to the Fairmount Church, Seattle. A reception was tendered him and his family on Thursday night, and very pleasant things said regarding their work in the city and outside. Mr. and Mrs. Bauer have made themselves very useful beyond the city and denominational boundary, having been frequently called to talk on Alaska. They are delightful people, loyal friends, consecrated Christians and warm in Christian fellowship. We shall greatly miss them and pray for their continued divine guidance.

Plymouth Church will depend on supplies until the fall. Rev. W. S. Pritchard will succeed Mr. Bauer at Five Mile Prairie.

Rev. J. W. Skerry and family are leaving next week for the Okanogan country, the most frontier work in our state. He also is a brother we have learned tot love because of his devout and earnest spirit. He is an indefatigable worker and will do faithful work on his new field as he has in the past.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash., April 12, 1918.

OUT THERE.

Out there, the salt spray whips
The blood from frozen faces and dumb lips,
Young eyes grow old with watching, hair turns white,
In the long vigils of the North Sea night.
And the white crest of every curling wave
Is the grim headstone of a sailor's grave.

For those who sweep the Seven Seas,
Lord of the Deep, we pray;
If theirs be the sum of sacrifice,
Grant us the Right to Pay.

Out there, grim fragments lie
In awful heaps beneath the leaden sky,
And Noise unceasing stuns the reeling brain;
Colder than Death, the bullet's sharper pain
Unheeded passes, and with scarce a moan
Young lives go out in the Dark, alone.

For those who suffer Death in Life,
Lord God of Hosts, we pray;
If theirs be the sum of Sacrifice,
Grant us the Right to Pay.

Out there, where e'er they be—
Wasting with fever by some Southern sea,—
Braving the heights where mind and senses reel,
Death's icy fingers clutching at the wheel,—
Finding at last, unsought, the Great Reward,
They lay their manhood on Thine Altar, Lord.

For those who suffer, starve, and die,
That Honor and Truth may live,
Shatter our self-complacence, Lord,
And teach us How to Give.

—Elspeth Honeyman, in New York Times.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The prayer circle last Wednesday, missed Mrs. Evans and Miss Benton from their familiar places, and felt the loss of the inspiration of their prayers. They were remembered as blessing was asked for the annual meeting of the Southern California Branch at San Bernardino which they were attending.

The chapter for consideration in the "Manhood of the Master" presented the Master's sincerity. The controlling power in the life of Jesus was the fellowship with the "Father who seeth in secret." He was satisfied with no deed that did not meet the approval of the Father who "looketh on the heart." Sincerity was the pervasive quality of his whole life. "Nothing else can ever be right in a man's life if he is not sincere. A lie is the fundamental sin. * * * * When the lie has worked back into the quality of his life, he has made impossible in himself any fine virtue whatsoever. * * * The sermon on the mount is rightly regarded as the Master's most characteristic utterance, and it is the revelation of a life whose central passion was genuineness. * * * We all delight in being respected by others, but the Master's character suggests a more searching rule, to be such persons in our inward life that we can respect ourselves."

"That we live on good terms with our fellowmen may not be a test of sincerity at all—that we live on honorable terms with ourselves is a far deeper standard; that we live on right terms with God, means absolute genuiness of life. Are we even endeavoring to standardize our spirits by that test?"

* * * * *

A LETTER FROM MISS WATERHOUSE OF THE DOSHISHA.

A letter from Miss Madeline Waterhouse of the Doshisa, Kyoto, Japan, gives us the reverse side of the picture we have lately been viewing. Our attention is now directed from the gathering of gifts for the Doshisha by Miss Mary Florence Denton, to the scene when the gifts were announced to the happy students in Japan.

Doshisha Jo Gakko, Kyoto,
Japan, Feb. 24, 1918.

Dear Friends:

This has been another beautiful, warm, bright day though it was exceedingly cold and frosty this morning, and there is a decided touch of spring in the air. You surely would enjoy our delightful city of Kyoto today, even though the leaves are not yet on the trees. I wish you might all have been here to enjoy it with us, but I think you would have been even more interested to have sat shivering with us in the faculty row in the gymnasium at chapel time the other morning, when President Harada read a letter from Miss Denton. The joy that spread over the faces of those gathered there when her greetings to the girls were read, including the announcement that she was coming "home" soon, would have warmed your hearts and hers as it did ours. And then the excitement when he read that Miss Denton had just received a telegram from Mrs. Fowler telling of her generous gift of $20,000 for a chapel. You would have appreciated something of what it means to us all if you had sat a few moments longer with us as we bowed in silent thanksgiving, and had then been rudely roused by the banging of chairs as the girls hastily folded them and piled them at the sides of the room before rushing for their first class. God will certainly reward our dear Mrs. Fowler for her many deeds of kindness so lovingly done. This last deed will do much in futhering the kingdom of Christ, I feel sure Our hearts are full of Thanksgiving to God that we are to have a comfortable and quiet place in which to meet to worship him.

The last and shortest term of the school is more than half gone, and the senior classes have only one week before their final examinations. They are feeling sad at the thought of leaving the school, so dear to them, with all of its associations, and the friends whom they have made here, and they are wondering what the future has in store for them. They are trying to make plans and thinking, thinking, Please pray earnestly with us for these dear girls, that they may be given strength and courage to meet what is before them, and that they may be true to the standards which they have learned here. Especially remember those who have not yet learned to know Christ as their personal friend; and there are several of those.

It makes us sad to have them go, too, as you could not know them without loving them dearly, and there are some splendid types of young womanhood among them, who should be able to do much for God and their country.

We are all looking forward to Miss Denton's return and trust she will be back for the beginning of the new school year, April eleventh. Mrs. Cary has doubtless written you how important it is that she should be back at that times as the former has resigned her position in the school because of her early return to the States, and the resignation is to take effect with the beginning of the new term. Mrs. Cary has done a wonderful work here and she will be greatly missed. Now that the time for their return is drawing she is more than busy as you will understand, and though we would not hear a word of complaint from her, we feel that she ought not to have any school work after the present term.

The language study continues to be interesting, though exceedingly difficult, and the other members of the Mission continue to urge me not to let anything interfere with it. Though it is hard to hold one's self back when one is eager to get more deeply into the work, yet more and more the value of having more of a command of the language is borne in upon me, and I am trying to keep faithfully at it so as to be well prepared for what is to be my life work.

Yes, I still and increasingly love the work, the country, and the people, but we need your prayers that God's spirit may be born in us freshly every hour of our lives, that our desire to bring others to Him may burn ever more brightly ,and that through us He may bring multtudes to the true way.

A letter came from the Hawaiian Islands the other day asking if it would be possible for me to return to the States in time to be present at the family reunion the first week in June, it seems my oldest brother expects to get away from the Islands in May, and can be gone only a month, and will not be able to get away later. He is a member of the National Guard and we do not know when he will be called to the front. At first I scarcely knew what to do, but I took the letter to the members of the C. A. I. and they seemed to think it was my duty to go, and gave me permission accordingly. That means that I should plan to start sometime in May. As yet the date of my sailing is not definitely decided, but I will let you know as soon as it is. I am looking forward to seeing you all again.

Lovingly,
MADELINE WATERHOUSE.

For The Children.

THE CHOCOLATE BUSH.

"Chocolates don't grow on every bush!" teased father, slipping out of four pairs of hands that clung like burrs to his coat and his collar and his furry fingers. The children always pounced on him for a kiss when they saw him go whisking out of the door and trying to catch the car for the office.

"Wouldn't it be fun if they did!" giggled Marion, curling up in a corner of the sofa when he had got away from them. "Like huckleberry bushes, you know! My! wouldn't I like to 'go berrying'!"

"Wish't I could!" said Connie. "We could make-believe a tree if we wanted to—an April-Fool tree. Let's do it tonight—to father!"

Every year when April-Fool's Day came around they always had had some funny joke "on" father. Sometimes the joke was the other way, for mother helped them, and mother was the best fun in the world to help you think up little jokes that couldn't hurt anybody. One year it was stuffed eggs in all the lunch-boxes—oh, if you could only have seen the rice and oatmeal "stuffing" that flew all over the office when father opened his! It made the children giggle again to remember what he had said about it at supper-time.

"Mother would help us—let's ask her!" cried the other children. "We could get a bush and fix it up with paper chocolates the way we made the paper oranges, you know, and tied them on. Mother can show us."

"I think it would be great fun," said mother. "You two boys go and find your bush—a good scraggly one, with lots of sharp twigs and thorny tips all over it. I'll show you why when you bring it."

"And what can we do, mother?"

"Why, up in the garret, Connie, is a great heap of brown tissue-paper, in behind the big trunk where the boxes are. You can get some of that and take it down into the kitchen, and get Myra to let you smooth it out with a warm flatiron. On a shelf in my closet, Marion, you will find some bits of jeweller's cotton, all colors. Here is some paste (or a drop of mucilage is just as good) to finish the chocolates with, and when you come back I'll help you make a fine supper-table ornament."

"Don't they look just e-zactly like the candy ones!" admired Connie, as the soft brown balls grew under their fingers. Each one was stuffed tightly with cotton till the thin brown outside was plump and smooth and looked good enough to eat. A drop of paste on the under side made it nice and firm, with no edges showing. On some of them mother stuck a little snip of red paper to look like a bit of candied cherry. Others were topped with a piece of broken walnut.

It did not take long to make them, and then there was the fun of sticking them on the tree. First, mother made a place in the middle of the table for the big green jardiniere, and filled it with nice white sand and stuck the bush in it. Next, they carefully pushed a paper "chocolate" on to every sharp little twig and thorn, till the scraggly thing looked as if it had blossomed out with big brown berries. It was a beautiful bush, and almost made the children's mouths water.

"If it was only a really-and-truly!" signed Connie.

"Then there wouldn't be any April Fool to it!" returned Marion. "And it's April-Fool Day, and somebody always has to be."

It must have been overhearing this that made mother think of turning the joke on them. A few minutes after, when they were busy over a game, she went to the telephone. All I can give you is what she said to her end of the line, but perhaps you can guess what the other person said, or part of it.

"You—papa?"

"You're going to be dreadfully April-fooled tonight!"

"You know what you said when you went away—about chocolates growing on bushes?"

"Well, they've made a bush! Paper chocolates—stuffed with cotton. Understand?"

"Um-huh! That would be fine. A pound would do nicely. Could you take off the paper ones and change them for real ones in ten or fifteen minutes? All right, I'll get them singing round the piano or something. Come home early."

Now you can guess, can't you? That was just what happened. When they were called out to supper, the candles were lighted and the children all stood with shining eyes to see how father would look when he saw the chocolate bush, and especially how he would look when he tasted one of the chocolates.

"You see they do grow on some bushes!" teased Marion.

"I see!" said father. "First time I ever saw such a bush in my life! Are they good to eat?"

"Just try one!" screamed the children.

"Fine!" said father, trying one obediently. "Have one yourself," he urged politely, reaching one to Marion. "No?" as she drew back. "Why, they aren't all for me, are they? This is delicious!"

The children began to look doubtful. He didn't seem to mind the cotton a bit, but kept on tasting. Mother looked on with twinkling eyes, but said nothing. Suddenly, the boys slyly reached out a hand and helped themselves to one apiece.

"They're real!" "They're real!" they cried out both together. "It's father fooling us! He's changed the paper chocolates for real ones!'—Anna B. Bryant, in Zion's Herald.

GRUMPS.

I wouldn't like to be a grump;
  I don't like grumps, do you?
I'd ruther be most anything
  Than be a grump, it's true!
I'd ruther be a fiddle-bug,
  'N' fiddle all day long;
A grump's the wustest thing there is;
  Don't be a grump, it's wrong.

I like them little fiddle-bugs,
  A-playin' in the fall,
A-praisin' all the harvest fields—
  I don't like grumps at all;
I'd ruther be a hoppy-toad,
  'N' live on worms, 'n' jump,
'N' keep the insec's off o' flowers;
  I wouldn't be a grump.

I'd ruther be a yaller-tail,
  'N' set 'n' drum 'n' drum
On one them little catnip twigs,
  Than be so awful glum.
A grump's contrivin' all the time
  For makin' people sad;
I'd ruther be a fuzzy-wuz
  Than be a grump, I had!

—Boston Transcript.

THE GATES OF GOLD.

"Oh, mother, do you know what Henry did? He"—But Jeanette stopped short when her mother held up a warning finger and pointed to a neatly framed motto card hanging in a conspicuous place in the living room.

"My dear, before you tell me what Henry did, let us repeat our little poem, 'The Gates of Gold:' "

"If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you had told
About another—let it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

"Three narrow gates—first, Is it true?
Then, Is it needful? In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, Is it kind?

"And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be."

"Now, pet, if what you wanted to tell about Henry passes the test, mother is ready to listen to you. Otherwise my litle girl had better run along and play."

Many mothers unwittingly encourage meanness by listening to petty tales the children carry. The grown-up tale-bearers, gossips and reputation-slaughterers are undoubtedly people who were not discouraged from "telling on" their sisters or brothers during childhood.

We all "hate" these gossips, but what are we, as mothers, doing to prevent them from developing? We we not too often listen to tell-tale complaints that are trivial? Do we not too often allow our boys and girls to repeat unkind things about friends, neighbors, schoolmates, teachers? Would it not be wise for all of us, young and old, to repeat "The Gates of Gold" whenever we are "tempted to reveal a tale," and insist that our children do likewise?

The practice was put to the test in a class of unusually quarrelsome, tale-bearing youngsters, and the result was wonderful. Tale-bearing was reduced to a minimum and in consequence there was no quarreling and backbiting. The poem was printed in large white letters on a black background, and placed where the children had it constantly before them.

When a youngster raised his hand to tell on Johnny or Georgie, the teacher would say, "Is it true?" and wait for the answer. "Is it necessary that you tell me about it?" "Would it be kind to Sammy or Harry or Louie for you to tell me?" As a rule the tale was never told. When one was told, it turned out to be one that had passed the test. The teacher then pointed out to the children that it was a kindness to the child and to everybody concerned that that particular tale be listened to in order to show the culprit his mistake.

WHY BETTY DIDN'T LAUGH.

"When I was at a party," said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair, right down upon the floor,
And all the other little girls began to laugh but me;
I didn't laugh one single bit," said Betty, seriously.

"And why didn't you laugh?" said mamma, full of delight to find
That Betty, bless her little heart! had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, my darling, or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty, "cause 'twas me that fell."

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For literature and information address Professor H. E. Robbins, Claremont, Cal.

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